

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

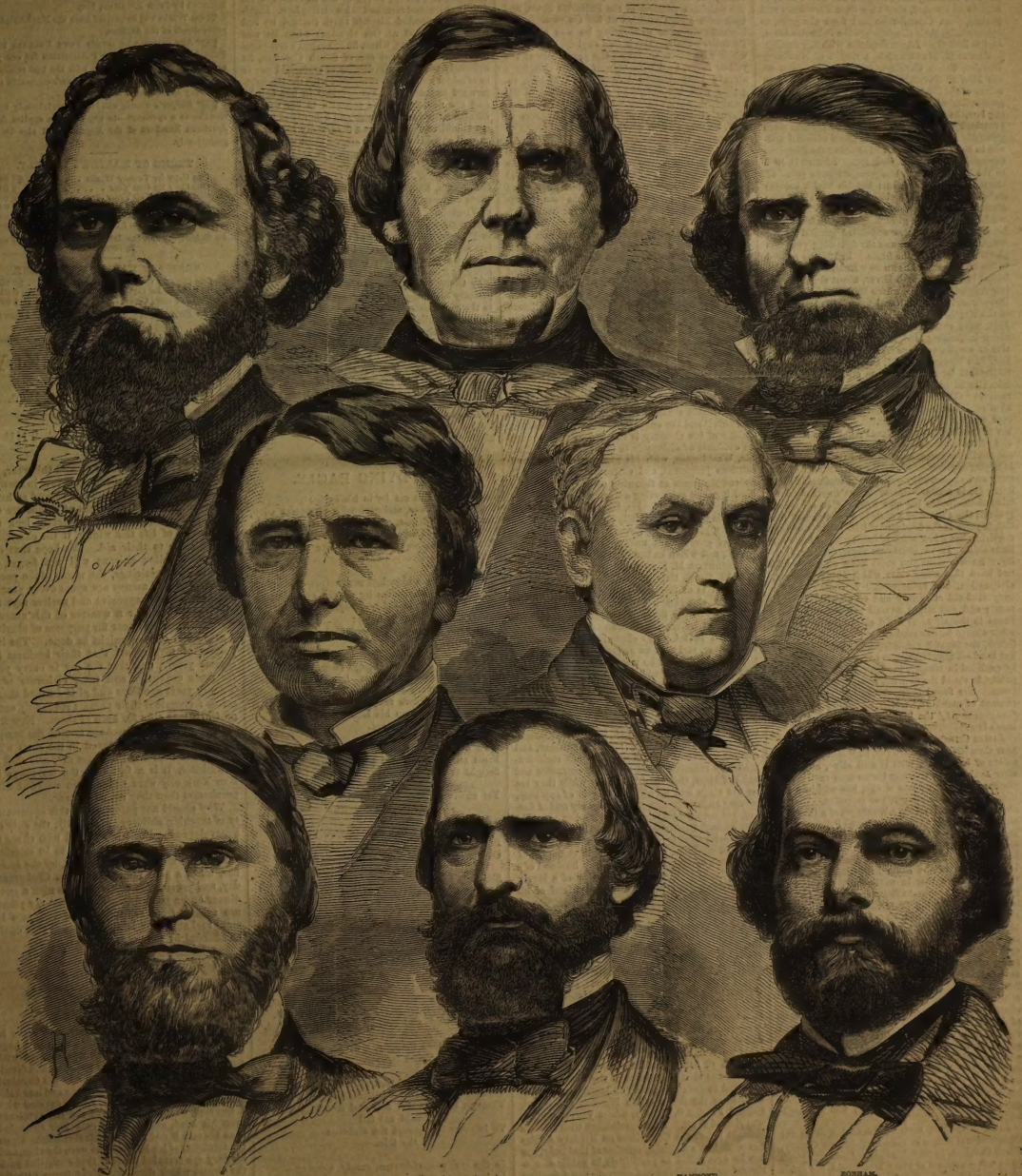
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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KITT.
FOUL.

CHURCH.

W. QUINN.
ANDERSON.

HANCOCK.

ROBERT.
MILES.

THE SECEDING SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE SECEDING SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION.

We give on the preceding page portraits of the members originally accredited to the present Congress of the United States, as Senators and Representatives from the State of South Carolina. The Senators did not take their seats, but the Representatives did. This, the seceding session; these Representatives who were elected members of the State Convention withdrew to attend its session, and when the news reached Washington that the State has formally seceded from the Union, the seceding members will retire from the Capitol. Personally, as well as politically, this exodus from the national halls of legislation will be felt; for although some of the Palmetto delegation have attained to the rank of debaters, they have no enemies behind them. Gallant gentlemen, with high endowments, many attributes, and an integrity upon which suspicion has never even dared to glance, they carry with them kind wishes and sincere regrets, even when they go so far as to believe that "secession is treason." Worthy successors of Calhoun, and Hayne, and McDuffie, and Butler, and others who have in former years occupied the chairs now, or soon to be vacated by them, they are patriots and patriotes, from Constitution and from Congress, to acknowledge their allegiance to the Palmetto State, and to link their future destinies with her destiny.

JOHN H. HANCOCK is a native of Newbury District, South Carolina, and was elected to Congress the 15th of November, 1857. His father was an officer of the State College, into which he entered, graduating with high honors in 1827. After studying law, he was admitted to the bar, at which profession, with considerable success, he became more generally known as the writer of all editorial articles in the *Southern Times* advocating the doctrines expounded by John C. Calhoun. Elected in 1835 to the Twenty-fourth Congress, he was one of the most brilliant talents; but his health became enfeebled, and at the close of his term he went abroad, where he had an opportunity to study the workings of foreign governments. In his return here in 1841, he in the Savannah, where he resided until the South Carolina troops, and the following year was elected Governor of the State. In 1844 he retired to his noble estate known as "Redcliffe," a fertile tract in the Savannah, where he devoted himself to literary and to agricultural pursuits. His letters to the English abolitionist, Clarkson, published in 1843, were extensively circulated, and his experience in traveling land, and his cultivation of sorgho, and well known agriculturalists. In November, 1857, he was called from his retirement by the Legislature of South Carolina, who elected him a United States Senator, and on receiving the telegraphic announcement, he sent as a return message, "I am grateful to be accepted, and I will do my duty." Appointed a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, he has been one of the most diligent Senators in attending to the public business, and has been active in urging appropriations for the maintenance of our navy and of our navy-yard on a creditable footing. He is a firm believer in the Southern doctrine, and to use his own words, "in all social systems there must be a class to rule, and a class to be ruled, to perform the drudgery of life." That is, a class requiring but a low order of intellect and but very little skill. Its requisites are vigor, docility, fidelity. Such a class you must have, or you would not have that other class above you, to rule, to civilize, and refinement. It constitutes the very mud-sill of society and of political government; and you might as well attempt to build a tower in the air as to build a Republic on one or the other except on this mud-sill. Fortunate was South, she found a race adapted to that purpose to her hand—a race inferior to her own, but eminently qualified in temper, in vigor, in docility, in capacity to stand the discipline of military and naval service. She found them slaves by the common consent of mankind," which, according to Cicero, "is the nature of" the highest proof of what is nature's law."

JAMES CHESTNUT was born about the year 1815, near Camden, South Carolina, at "Mulberry," the estate of his father, who is still alive, and who, after having been a strong Union man until nearly thirty years and ten years of age, has within a few months become an ardent seceder. In January, after having received the advantages of a thorough classical academic education, entered Princeton College, where, at a commencement, he became acquainted with his lady, and a few days after his birth. In 1842 he was elected a member of the lower branch of the State Legislature, and continued to serve therein until 1852, taking high rank among the Union men. In 1854 he was elected to the State Senate from the Charleston District, as the candidate of those who followed to the "parish system;" but in the following year he became convinced that the time-honored system was too corrupt, and tendered his resignation, which his constituents refused to accept. Re-elected in 1856, he succeeded Governor Aiken as the presiding officer of the Senate, and continued in the chair until 1859—he was chosen to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Evans, United States Senator, and was subsequently elected to fill that position for the ensuing term. Naturally of a fiery temperament and chivalric disposition, he has disciplined himself to act with the calm dignity of a statesman, and enjoys a high reputation for the accuracy of his information, the cogency of his logic, his energetic and unambitious eloquence, and his high-minded patriotism.

JOHN McQUEEN, senior Representative on the Congressional roll, was born in Robinson County, (Virginia), in 1808, his father, James McQueen (who was a member of the Virginia Convention of 1820), of Prince Charles, claimed to be a descendant line from Robert Bruce. After having graduated at Chapel Hill University, he commenced the study of law, and having removed to Marlborough

Court House, South Carolina, was there admitted to the bar, and has since enjoyed a lucrative practice. Representing the State in the Convention of 1853, he was elected a member of the State Volunteers in 1853, at time of a general armament, and rose to the rank of Major-General in 1855. In 1844 he became a candidate for Congress in opposition to Colonel Alexander D. Smith, but was defeated. In the next successive time, after which he was elected, taking his seat in the House in 1849. Since then he has been successively re-elected, and is one of the ablest as well as one of the oldest of the Representatives. Politics are with him a matter of duty to his State, not a labor of love—a serious reality, not a mere pastime. Attentive to his duties, he never hesitates to express his opinions, giving utterance to the sentiments which he entertains, and his conclusions, suggested by his long experience as a Representative of South Carolina. Twice married, he has twice been made a happy father, and highly esteemed by his numerous acquaintances as a gallant, hospitable type of the "city of palmetto."

WILLIAM FORCHER MILES, the accomplished Representative from his native city of Charleston, is one of those who have "greatest thrust upon them" of Huguenot descent, he is identified with the patriotic and most successful Union cause, and took such a high position at her University, that immediately after graduating he was offered a Professor's chair. His heroic exploits at Norfolk, while he hastened during the prevalence of the yellow fever to the relief of the Palmetto State, have already been chronicled in *Harper's Weekly*, together with his successful administration of the municipal government, when afterward chosen Mayor of Charleston, and his position in Congress in 1857, he was at first placed on the Committee on Commerce, and afterward on that on Foreign Affairs. His speeches, always on questions about the perilous position of the day, have been the theme of high eulogium, and his most successful Union cause. Year after year, too, he has warned his colleagues that South Carolina has been becoming more and more alienated from her ancient attachment to the Union; more and more familiarized with the idea of secession, and more reconciled to the necessity of reconstructing or abolishing the General Government. Early in the debate on the admission of Kansas Mr. Miles asked of the House, in debate: "Can any thing be more natural than the idea of secession, and more about her; to count up her resources; to estimate her strength; to measure her capacity for taking care of herself, and of assuming, if driven out of Confederacy, an independent position among the nations?" And yet, whenever she looks this contingency—certainly not an improbable one—calmly and boldly in the face, and begins to discuss it in the great and leading aspects, her ears are thrilled by the cry of "treason!" "Treason!" and the august and mighty shade of the Father of his Country is invoked to rebuke such an evidence of disloyalty to this "glorious Union." Sir, Washington, with his great, wise heart, and cautious judgment, and constructive mind, felt no compunctions at throwing off his allegiance to his King, and subverting a Government which oppressed his country. He, like all true patriots, loved his people, and his people more highly than their happiness and prosperity, and the more form of government under which they had been reared, and which he had been taught to revere."

LAWRENCE M. KIRKE was born in Orangeburg District, South Carolina, on the 27th of October, 1828, and is of German descent. He received a thorough classical education, and after having graduated at the State University, in 1843, with the highest honors, he commenced the practice of law in H. H. Brooks, and became a member of the Legislature, and took an active part in State politics until 1853, when he was elected a Representative in Congress, of which body he has since been a member, except when he resigned in company with his friend S. Brooks, to whom he was immediately returned by an immense majority. As an orator, he has created more decided sensation than any one now a M.C., giving a pyrotechnic style, rich in versatility, startling paradox, and copious expression. His speeches are melodramatically effective, made up of the entrances and exits of ideas, that sparkle vividly while they are on the stage and go off in a tumult of applause, leaving an intoxicating sense of beauty and of daring, yet nothing but a metaphor, a metaphor, a metaphor, and a metaphor. Highly polished by education and refined social attrition, he possesses a winning affability of manners, and the chivalric champion of his State's southern rights, and a happy husband of a most charming wife, the fond father of a young daughter, and the esteemed friend of all who know him.

MAJOR G. BONHAM was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, in a descendant of the Butler family, which has given so many noble names to the Palmetto State. After receiving a thorough classical education, he graduated at the State University in 1834, and afterward commenced the practice of law. He had a decided taste, however, for martial exercises, and was elected colonel of a cavalry regiment, defeating James L. Orr, afterward Speaker of the House. Raised to the rank of Major-General, he devoted himself to metropolitan duties here, and after the death of his kinsman and friend Colonel Preston S. Brooks, whose vacant seat he was elected to fill. His acquaintance with matters foreign before the Committee on Military Affairs has made him a valuable member of that body; nor has he ever failed to participate in public discussions, frankly availing and energetically defending the grounds of his public conduct.

JOHN D. JAMES was born in Greenville District, South Carolina, in 1828, was deprived of his father early in life, and was forced by reverses of fortune

to labor on his mother's farm for maintenance. With her fostering care, he managed, however, to acquire the rudiments of an education, and went when a youth to Sumpter District, where he was a clerk in a store, then a school-teacher, and then a practicing lawyer, qualifying himself for each position as he advanced. Preferring rural life, he afterward cultivated himself as a planter, and decided success, and after holding commissions in the State Volunteers, he was elected to the State Legislature in 1848, and served until chosen Controller-General of the State in 1854. This, in South Carolina, is a position of high respect, he has, as the incumbent has not only to attend to the collection and disbursement of the revenue, he is likewise to examine the monthly reports of banking companies, and to report on the solvency of this thus verified for the public good. It will be seen that this requires a comprehensive knowledge of business affairs, united with habits of close application; and it is said that so satisfactorily were the multi-form duties performed by Colonel James, that during the four years' period of his service not an error, either of statement or of calculation, was found on his books. In 1857 he left his plantation in Sumpter County, owing to the ill health of his family, and returned to his birthplace. Hardly had he located himself there (and he had not been voted but at one election) when he was elected to Congress, where he has taken a conspicuous position. A true son of South Carolina, he has, as a member of the Legislature, been one of the most vigorous and successful of his minor importance compared with the straightforward expression of his opinions in her behalf, and the devotion of his energies to her service. Chosen with a devoted wife and a family of intelligent children, he occupies a high social as well as political position among those who withy, as he entered upon life's struggles, to achieve high, yet merited success.

WILLIAM W. BOYCE, born October 24, 1819, at Charleston, South Carolina, was educated at the State University, and afterward at the University of Virginia. Admitted to the bar, he commenced the practice of his profession with success, and in 1845 became a member of the State Legislature, but he took no active part in politics until 1851, when he was foremost among those opposed to separate State secession. Chosen a member of the May Convention, composed of delegates elected at county meetings, he was earnest in his resistance to the secession, and in a letter to Governor Richardson, the presiding officer, he took the ground that it was not a deliberative assembly, but that it was controlled by the dominant party.

In 1853 he was elected a Representative to Congress, where he has given repeated proofs of his high abilities and profound attainments. Few gentlemen on the American continent are as well versed in political economy, or as diligent students, as Mr. Boyce; while to powers of mind highly cultivated by study he unites oratorical talents of a high order.

THE DYING EAGLE.

SICK and sullen sat he in his eyrie:
Rock-bound 'twas, and girl with pine-tree wry,
And the sun-dunes, glaring fierce and fiery,
Came to the eyrie.

Far below the waters dashed, white with fury,
Every where.

He, with pinions blanching with sorrow—drooping,
Sought him not success by death's swooping
On his enemies, in safety trooping.
Near at hand;

But, with head bent forward, stared he ever
At the sand.

In the sand, ah, me! though changing ever—
Forming thoughts in atoms—but to sever
From them every oracle forever—

This sad story, fate's lonely eyrie
By the sea.

How a fertile seed—a contribution
From an age of wicked persecution—
Sought to fashion out its retribution
From a soil

Yet untroubled by human hands, untouched by
Human toil.

How another age had seen its growing—
Ripening by past experience—showing
Others all the life from it outflowing
To the end;

Showing how the seed should break, if need be,
But not bend.

How, again, successful, it grew daring—
Time's hard burdens chasing at—while bearing,
Till at last, of course, it was bearing,
Bolder still.

Hewing out its path, it took the place 'twas
Formed to fill.

Time rolled on: by heavenly sunbeams lighted,
Two twin trees, out from the seed benighted,
Had grown up, and mutual faith had plighted
Them forever.

Then another scene: that after ages,
Tracing in their time's historic pages,
Through its shame and sad mournful stages,
Should not fail.

To impress by precept the dishonor
Of the tale.

In the rocks—surf-beaten, surely weary—
In the white-capped waves so sadly bearing—
In the red sun setting, fiercely glaring,
Saw the light.

All the horror—all the fierce convulsion
That the heart should bear.

By the foud of father, on, and brother—
By the broken heart of wife and mother—
By the bond of union, and that other
Bond of blood,
Broken now—he knew, and felt forever
Where he stood.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

AND HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that *Harper's Magazine* for the ensuing year will contain new Stories.

By Thackeray and the Author of "Adam Bede,"

and that in Number 50 (Nov. 5) of *Harper's Weekly* a new Novel by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

THE CHARITIES OF THE SEASON.

CHRISTMAS is upon us; and this year, we fear, it will be a scene of sorrow in many a household. Political strife has proved so hurtful to business that thousands of people are out of employment, and will absolutely lack the necessities of life this winter, if the charities do not come to their aid. We hope that our benevolent fellow-citizens will not forget, in their holiday rejoicings, the wants of the poor.

Vast sums of money are spent every year in the purchase of expensive and useless toys for children; or half, or a quarter of this amount were set apart this year for purposes of charity, a great deal of good might be done. The importers of toys report that their business increases yearly, and that the cry is every year for more expensive and more elaborate toys. Twenty years ago boys and girls deemed themselves fortunate if their parents spent fifty cents on Christmas gifts for each of them. Now five dollars will hardly purchase one of the shop-worn toys which are displayed in the shop windows. And hard as the times are, and dull as is business, it is a fact that the toy-shops in New York City were never more crowded with purchasers than they are at present.

Yet teaching our parents that this opportunity of teaching children practically the duty of benevolence? Each child who gives up the forego a Christmas gift, or even to be satisfied with one of moderate cost, might, by the sacrifice, make a poor family happy on Christmas-day, and provide five or six persons with a good Christmas gift. Would not the pleasure arising from such a gift of kindness be more real and more lasting than any that could be afforded by the possession of a toy?

THE LOUNGER.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THE scene suddenly drew apart, and there in his library sat Cardinal Richelieu, sunk in a huge easy-chair by the table, which was covered with papers. The friar Joseph, his confessor and familiar, stood at hand. It was precisely the Cardinal as one fancies him. His scurvy robe and lace half-skirt (which is the name of it?) were covered with a flowered wrapper. He had the red skull-cap upon his head, and he was straggled down from beneath it and fell upon his shoulders. Upon the forefinger of his left hand he wore the ring, and his fiery eye revealed the soul that struggled with the disease which shook his slight frame with its cough. The room was vaulted, and there were shelves of books.

When the Cardinal began to converse he did it in the most elaborate manner, and with much gesture. The spell of his appearance was a little dis-



WON.

A START—a pause—a flutter and a sigh,
A voice that trembles in the common greeting;
The hurried clasp of an unsteady hand,
That once was frankly offered at your meeting.

I saw you, little Annie—yes, I know,
He's Charlie's friend, just landed from Bengal,
He's very fond of Charlie, ah! and so
He staid till last at Charlie's little ball.

You danced eight times together—am I right
"He's such a perfect waltzer!"—nothing more?
You must a week ago this very night,
And I have—known you all your lifetime o'er!

Forgive me that I played the list'er, dear,
And heard him win your love, among your flowers;
You had forgotten I was prisoned here,
A poor lone cripple all these festive hours.

He's very winsome, honest-eyed, and tall,
The cross for valor's roll contains his story.
On my pain-stricken brow no wreath will fall,
I reap in life's grim battle all but glory.

Dearie, don't kneel, and hide those kind gray eyes,
I am not grieving, look me in the face.
Why, who am I, that I should claim the prize,
Who never could have started in the race?

He's waiting for you, Annie—leave me now
Along with what must be a happy past.
A brother's kiss I claim upon your brow,
God bless his Annie! 'tis my first—and last.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860,
by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the Dis-
trict Court for the Southern District of New York.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLennan.

Printed from the Manuscript and
early Proof-sheets purchased from the
Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's
Weekly."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. PUMBLECHOOK'S premises in the High Street of the market town were of a peppercorn and farinaceous character, as the premises of a corn-chandler and seedsmen should be. It appeared to me that he must be a very happy man indeed to have so many little drawers in his shop; and I wondered when I peeped into one or two on the lower tier, and saw the tied-up brown paper packets inside, whether the flower-seeds and bulbs ever wanted of a fine day to break out of those jails and bloom.

It was in the early morning after my arrival that I entertained this speculation. On the previous night I had been sent straight to bed in an attic with a sloping roof, which was so low in the corner where the bedstead was that I calculated the tiles as being within a foot of my eyebrows. In the same early morning I discovered a singular affinity between seeds and corduroys. Mr. Pumblechook were corduroys, and so did his shopman; and somehow there was a general air and flavor about the corduroys, so much in the nature of seeds, and a general air and flavor about the seeds, so much in the nature of corduroys, that I hardly knew which was which. The same opportunity served me for noticing that M. Pumblechook appeared

to conduct his business by looking across the street at the coachman, who appeared to transact his business by keeping his eye on the coach-maker, who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and contemplating the baker, who in his turn folded his arms and stared at the grocer, who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist. The watchmaker, always poring over a little desk with a magnifying glass at his eye, and always inspected by a group in smock-frocks poring over him through the glass of his shop-window, seemed to be about the only person in the High Street whose trade engaged his attention.

Mr. Pumblechook and I breakfasted at eight o'clock in the parlor behind the shop, while the shopman took his mug of tea and hunch of bread-and-butter on a sack of pease in the front premises. I considered Mr. Pumblechook wretched company. Besides being possessed by my sister's idea that a mortifying and penitential character ought to be imparted to my diet, besides giving me as much crumb as possible in combination with as little butter, and putting such a quantity of warm water into my milk that it would have been more candid to have left the milk out altogether—his conversation consisted of nothing but arithmetic. On my politely bidding him Good-morning, he said, pompously, "Seven times nine, boy." And how should I be able to answer, dodged in that way, in a strange place, on an empty stomach! I was hungry, but before I had swallowed a morsel he began a running sum that lasted all through the breakfast. "Seven?" "And four?" "And eight?" "And six?" "And two?" "And ten?" And so on. And after each figure was disposed of, it was as much as I could do to get a bite or a sup before the next came; while he sat at his ease guessing nothing and eating bacon and hot roll in (if it may be allowed the expression) a gorging and gormandizing manner.

For such reasons I was very glad when ten o'clock came and we started for Miss Havisham's; though I was not at all at my ease regarding the manner in which I should acquaint myself under that lady's roof. Within a quarter of an hour we came to Miss Havisham's house, which was of old brick, and dismal, and had a great many iron bars to it. Some of the windows had been walled up; of those that remained all the lower were rustily barred. There was a court-yard in front, and that was barred; so we had to wait after ringing the bell, until some one should come to open it. While we waited at the gate I peeped in (even then Mr. Pumblechook said, "And fourteen?" but I pretended not to hear him), and saw that at the side of the house there was a large brewery; no brewing was going on in it, and none seemed to have gone on for a long time.

A window was raised, and a clear voice demanded "What name?" To which my conductor replied "Pumblechook." The voice returned "Quite right," and the window was shut again, and a young lady came across the court-yard with keys in her hand.

"This is Pip, is it?" returned the young lady, who was very pretty and seemed very proud; "Come in, Pip."

Mr. Pumblechook was coming in also, when she stopped him with the gate.

"Oh!" she said. "Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?"
"If Miss Havisham wishes to see me," returned Mr. Pumblechook, discomfited.
"Ah!" said the girl; "but you see she don't." She said it so finally, and in such an undiscussable way, that Mr. Pumblechook, though in a condition of ruffled dignity, could not protest.

But he eyed me severely—as if I had done any thing to him!—and departed with the words reproachfully delivered: "Boy! Let your behavior here be a credit unto them which brought you up by hand!" I was far from apprehension that he would come back to propound through the gate. "And sixteen?" But he didn't.

My young conductress locked the gate, and we went across the court-yard. It was paved and clean, but grass was growing in every crevice. The brewery buildings had a little lane of communication with it, and the wooden gates of that lane stood open, and all the brewery beyond stood open, away to the high inclining wall, and all was empty and disused. The cold wind seemed to blow colder there than outside the gate, and it made a shrill noise in howling in and out at the open side of the brewery, like the noise of wind in the rigging of a ship at sea.

She saw me looking at it, and she said, "You could drink without hurt all the strong beer that's brewed there now, boy."

"I should think I could, miss," said I, in a shy way.

"Better not try to brew beer there now, or it would turn out sour, boy; don't you think so?"

"It looks like it, miss."

"Not that any body means to try," she added, "for that's all done with, and the place will stand as idle as it is till it falls. As to strong beer, there's enough of it in the cellars already to drown the Manor House."

"Is that the name of the house, miss?"

"One of its names, boy."

"It has more than one, then, miss?"

"One more. Its other name was Satis; which is Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, or all three—or all one to me—for enough."

"Enough House," said I; "that's a curious name, miss."

"Yes," she replied; "but it meant more than that said. It meant, when it was given, that whoever had this house could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied in those days, I should think. But don't loiter, boy."

Though she called me "boy" so often, and with a carelessness that was far from complimentary, she was of about my own age—or very little older. She seemed much older than I, of course, being a girl, and beautiful and self-possessed; and she was as scornful of me as if she had been one-and-twenty, and a queen. We went into the house by a side door—the great front entrance had two chains across it outside—and the first thing I noticed was, that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning there. She took it up, and we went through more passages and up a stair-case, and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

At last we came to the door of a room, and she said, "Go in."

I answered, more in rhyme than politeness, "After you, miss."

To this, she returned: "Don't be ridiculous, boy! I am not going in." And scornfully walked away, and—what was worse—took the candle with her.

This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked, and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

Whether I should have made out this object so soon if there had been no fine lady sitting at it I can not say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on this hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials—satin, and lace, and silks—all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on—the other was on the table near her hand—her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchiefs, and gloves, and some dresses, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

It was not in the first minute that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first minute than might be supposed. But I saw that every thing within my view which ought to be white had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the dead figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it was hung loose had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly wax-work at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, wax-work and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked as mine. I should have cried out if I could.

"Who is it?" said the lady at the table.

"Pip, ma'am."

"Pip?"

"Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come—to play."

"Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close."

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

"Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer "No."

"Do you know what I teach here?" she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

"Yes, ma'am." (It made me think of the young man.)

"What do I teach?"

"Your heart."

"Broken!"

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterward, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

"I am tired," said Miss Havisham. "I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Pip!"

I think it will be conceded by my most disputatious reader that she could hardly have directed an unfortunate boy to do any thing in the



"WHO IS IT?" SAID THE LADY AT THE TABLE. "PIP, MA'AM."

and die of hunger if starved. Were they not

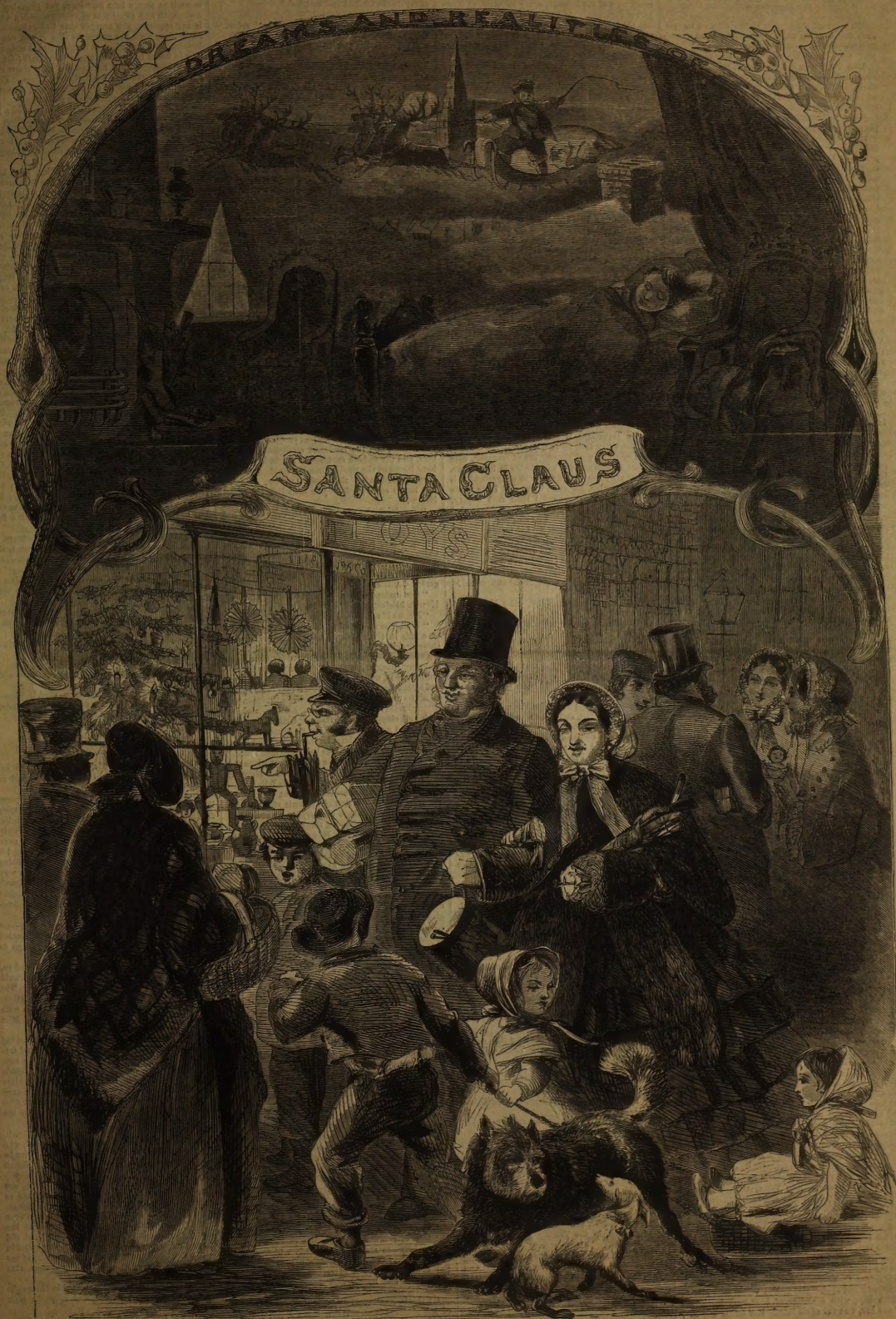
So that is my tale all told—
A homely tale at the best—
A tale that Meg and I repeat
Each night when we go to rest.
I have heard of angels with wings,
Who noiselessly flit through the air,
But the angel of angels that we like best
Left a turkey upon the chair.



WHAT SANTA CLAW BROUGHT US.

CHRISTMAS-DAY THEN AND NOW.

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.





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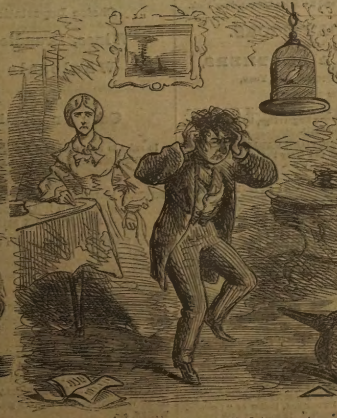
5. **THE HOG.**—This valuable domestic animal is one of the greatest blessings to man, etc., etc.



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THE INVALID.

MARTHA. "Well, SAUNDERS, I see you are not able to do much with the Old Sew, after all!"
 SAUNDERS. "Why, you see, Maister RICHARD, she wasn't taken in time, the power thing, she wasn't. She's struv hard to get round, but the weather's agin her, ye see. To-day it shone a bit, and I thought it'd do her good to get out, so in the warm of the afternoon I put her in the barrow, and took her for a little ride in the sun!"



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AUGUSTUS. "I say, Laura, just tell us before any one comes, whether my Back Hair's parted straight!"

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